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CHICAGO

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1908 | NUMBER 5

Religion gives a man courage. I do not mean the courage that hates, that smites, that kills; but the calm courage that loves and heals and blesses such as smite and hate and kill; the courage that dares resist evil, popular, powerful, anointed evil, yet does it with good, and knows it shall thereby overcome. That is not a common quality. I think it never comes without religion.

—*Theodore Parker.*

Reference has been made in these columns to the forthcoming report of the International Congress of Religious Liberals, held in Boston September last, prepared by the Secretary, Dr. Charles W. Wendte. Our readers will be interested in the announcement of this splendid volume which appears in another column.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association is making commendable efforts to have the duty on wood pulp abolished, both as a means of lowering the price of paper stock and of saving the American forests. The revelations of the falsity of the U. S. Census Bureau report and of the great injustice resulting from the present law has induced President Roosevelt to urge Congress to take immediate action on the matter. It is hoped that something may soon be accomplished that will reduce the cost of paper stock to a legitimate figure. It is now one-third higher than would seem to be reasonable or necessary.

Anent our note of last week concerning the possible solution of the city problem, we are in receipt of the following from Mr. W. V. Hardy, Secretary of "The New Life of World Brotherhood":

"I find in March 26th UNITY the ideal of 'Move the shops and factories out into the Country' and 'Increasing the honesty of business.' This is not possible with the selling profit system of business, but with the ordering system it is what will naturally follow—the center will arrange with each club office to fill orders for a specific article so each club will have a shop that will grow into as large a factory as desired, for the country is the point of cheapest production. This demand system is simple and easily adopted, only whole attention is given to resisting the evils of the present order and few have the leadership to think of developing the better way that will peacefully take the place of the outgrown—the direct supply free of profits and motion of spoils will be a new social order complete. This is the one need of the hour and it is only a question of how long it takes us to let go of the old and give attention to the new. New Life advocates just this and would welcome your aid in the work."

Just what the feasibility and the advantage of the "ordering system" is we do not know, but we have a latent suspicion that human nature will be about the same and that the solution of the problem will be found in such a recognition of the waste and failure of war methods as will compel some form of co-operative industry. Competition may be "the life of trade," but surely it's a "dog's life" and not a man's at present and the hope of the future is in some such acceptance of the spirit of world brotherhood as our friend proposes. We publish in another column an extract from "The Journal of Righteous Industrial Peace," *The Exponent.*

The prospectus of the Ethical Social League of New York has reached us and commands our entire sympathy. This is an outgrowth of the Cooper Union organization and held its first public conference on February 27th. Prof. Charles Sprague Smith is the managing director. When the leaders of the Protestant and the Jewish denominations, the conservatives and the radicals, join themselves together "to unite the forces within and without church and synagogue in a fellowship of service for the ethical and social betterment of the community" we instantly say all hail! and God speed! That is exactly what the Congress of Religion has been seeking to do for fourteen years, and never once has it failed to keep its flag at the masthead, and its practically identical purpose in view. This new movement differs in no important respect and certainly will receive our co-operation. The names on the general committee give promise of a strong and helpful movement.

As reported by our associate on the Watch Tower, the occurrence in Union Square, New York, last Saturday was a lamentable one. No one who knows Robert Hunter will for an instant doubt that his heart was filled with sorrow and pity for the thousands of unemployed; nor will any one doubt that his address would have been a sane and helpful one, not at all conducive to violence or law breaking. It is quite possible that the action of the police was needlessly brutal and incited disorder. When a hundred thousand men are unable to get work and their families are in want, something more than the iron hand of force is needed, whether it be in Russia or New York. On the contrary, such a mob is dangerous and it is not safe to risk too much lest some anarchist hopelessly retard the truest progress. Anarchy cannot be tolerated, but social remedies are greatly needed and must come. Moreover, Mr. Hunter is entirely right in asking for free speech, if only he does it under reasonable conditions. A democracy is a democracy or else it is merely a tyranny.

Certain ministers on the South Side in Chicago have recently gained an unenviable newspaper notoriety in connection with attempts to find legal proofs of the existence of inefficiency in the police department and malfeasance in office, of which everybody is assured since they are matters of public scandal, but which it seems impossible, under existing conditions, to bring to the bar of justice. It is very likely it will appear that some of these ministers have been imposed upon. The co-operators whom they thought worthy may have been unworthy of confidence. The name of the writer of this note appears in the list of ministers in question, and he is proud of that fact. He is quite willing to plead guilty to this "soft impeachment." Better to have tried and been baffled, than not to have tried at all. If the ministers have been inefficient in their co-operation and unskillful in their attempts to advance the cause of civic righteousness, all the more should they persist in the attempt. There is no disgrace in honorable defeat; there is disgrace in ignoble indifference or timid acquiescence.

"What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me."

The Free Religious Association in Boston had a series of Sunday afternoon lectures in March. Mr. William M. Salter spoke on "Man's Need of Religion" and Rabbi Charles Fleischer on "Reformed Judaism and Reformed Christianity." The last meeting, March 22, was devoted to the subject of "Religious Progress in the Last Two Generations," with addresses by both Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Col. T. W. Higginson. Col. Higginson's address, with its glance back to the time when the Free Religious Association was founded and its noteworthy tribute to the influence of Emerson at that time and in the period preceding, is published in this number of UNITY. The meeting altogether was a memorable one. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing room in the hall of the Twentieth Century Club was occupied; and the addresses of these two great servants of freedom and religion, who have kept the faith unswervingly so long—Col. Higginson is now 84, and Mrs. Howe 88—were listened to with intense interest by those who revere them so deeply. Both addresses were given with great vigor and earnestness. Col. Higginson and Mrs. Howe are both vice-presidents of the Free Religious Association, and Col. Higginson was for several years its president. He took part in the first convention of the Association, in 1867, and his official connection with the Association has remained unbroken during the whole subsequent period of more than forty years.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is a lady of distinguished ability—one who has often rendered signal service to the higher interests of the community. She is a lady interested in poetry, intelligent about art; a lady of high cultivation on many lines, as the citizens of Chicago have good reason to know. All the more reason to deplore her present push for social distinction and society leadership across the water. After making all allowance for newspaper exaggeration and the unreliability of social gossip, it is to be deplored that an American lady of her accomplishments and opportunities should, at her age and with her position, seek the smiles of "Royalty" and intrude American homage before the "Nobility" across the water, which oftentimes is not so *noble* after all. King Edward as a representative of the British Empire, as the visible head of an incipient Democracy of great power and promise, should command deference and deserves respect, but as an individual he seems to be rather a stupid old gentleman with a questionable history and commonplace, if not to say low, instincts. He is a man of the hunt, the race course and the game table; probably inferior in mental, social and ethical qualities to thousands of Americans. We wish Mrs. Palmer much pleasure and satisfaction during her sojourn abroad, but she deserves to be in better business than paying court to a dying royalty. When she comes home she will have access to better society at less cost of money and time and talent.

As we write these are strenuous days at the Leland Stanford University. Before this note sees the light the issues between the students and the faculty committee will have been settled. Pending such settlement we are glad to express our sympathy with the disciplining committee and to voice the hope that the administration will stand firm. In the long run no educational institution can suffer from taking a strong and effective stand against the inebriating tendencies and the bibulous habits of its students. Leland Stanford University is in a position to set the pace for other institutions,—to lead the way in a truly American fashion. However inevitable the beer mug and the dueling and gambling habits which are attached to continental universities, they cannot be transplanted with impunity to American soil. "Beer busts" and "whiskey soaks" are terms which have no place in the slang vocabulary of American colleges, and the young men who cannot do without these expressions of joy and hilarity had better go home, or at least remain outside the college campus. This position is not a harking back to outgrown Puritan severities, but it is a pushing forward to the new life of the enlightened American institution which must be developed during the twentieth century. Beer-drinking, toying with cigarettes and pipe, and the swagger of the tippling habit are vulgar survivals, coarse and demoralizing inheritances from the past, arguing low standards, and promising nothing good or strong in the future. Let them be done away with. We hope the Leland Stanford University will stand for the higher morals and the greater graces of society; even though for the time being some of the chairs in the recitation rooms be left vacant, they will be in due time filled with better material.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

The Senior Editor of UNITY left the editorial sanctum on the evening of March 1st and he has been on wheels ever since, with the prospect of many more revolutions of the wheels before he returns to the sanctities and inspirations of the editorial office at Lincoln Centre. The story of the journeyings across the continent from the prairie schooner and the ox team with dog and gun accompaniment in the '40s up to the latest "Overland Special" with electric luxuries, has been told so often that I will not undertake to repeat it. I must content myself rather with a few jottings more personal and human. My round-trip ticket read via Milwaukee & St. Paul route to Omaha, Union Pacific to Denver, the "Royal Gorge route" to Ogden, Southern Pacific to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego; back again to Santa Barbara, up to Portland, and from thence via Seattle, Bellingham, and the Canadian Pacific home to Chicago, where I am due on April 12th, when Appomatox Day will be celebrated at the Centre with the "U. S. Grand Army Post" of the G. A. R. as guests. I have doubled the Cape at San Diego and now write from the City of the Angels with my face turned homeward, with much to do and see before arriving there.

Although this "bout" represents my annual escape from the Chicago climate, which sooner or later gets me by the throat at this season, and physiologically I think of it as a rest time, physically it has been necessarily a very busy one, essentially a missionary itinerary.

Crossing the well-tilled, populous and prosperous Nebraska over the ground which was marked in the old Mitchell's Geography of my childhood as the "Great American Desert," I was stirred with memories. John C. Fremont, my boyhood hero, in one of his early path-finding expeditions reaching Fort Kearney, describes it as being on the margin of the "Great American Desert," which could never be utilized for other than uncertain grazing ground for wandering flocks and herds. "Kearney Junction" is now a city, boastful of metropolitan glories. This ride brought forcibly to mind the first systematic and heroic missionary campaign of the "editor." It was some thirty-four or more years ago. My itinerary was arranged for me by William Ellery Copeland, one of the most self-forgetting, irrepressible, persistent missionaries of progressive ideas that ever crossed the Mississippi River. He was then pushing bravely the work at Lincoln, Neb. I fitted into his plans, which were carefully made. I spoke at Omaha, Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Lincoln, Columbus, Fremont, Beatrice, Fairbury, North Platte, and perhaps other points which I have forgotten, on successive days. It was pioneering work in those days with primitive halls and crude tents, but eager, earnest, and even then cultivated audiences greeted me wherever I went. It was wild seed-sowing,—words entrusted to the winds; few of them found lodgment in places now discoverable, or bore fruit within the statistician's reach. Brave, gentle, fearless Copeland has gone to his rest. His breaking plow disturbed the sod of convention and materialism in hearts ranging all the way from Emporia, Kans., to Tacoma, Wash., and beyond. Few of these many spots are now found in the Denominational Year Books of religion associated with Mr. Copeland's name, but if the trend of the universe is towards spiritual excellence and if evolution ever makes for ethical advances and altruistic heights, surely these places have bloomed with more fragrance and beauty for the touch of his hand and the call of his voice.

My first stop was at Denver, where many years before I went to breathe the mountain air beside the newly made grave of R. L. Herbert, the pulpit bard,—the preacher who translated his Welsh fervor into the terms of progressive religion and the universal faith. Here our old Chicago friend, David Utter, holds the fort at the Unitarian Church, and that was a goodly gathering that greeted me, in which old parishioners and UNITY readers formed a large number. The lecture was on Ibsen's Pillars of Society. The inspiration was in discovering and studying such "pillars" among the quiet and earnest workers of the gracious mountain town. Here I found W. G. M. Stone and his family and renewed the acquaintance that reached back to the early Wisconsin campaignings in 1871-2, where for a while Mr. Stone kept a clear light burning at Berlin, Wis., in the interest of the open fellowship and the creedless faith. In his seventy-fifth year he is still an aggressive missionary, and has found a new version of his old gospel in the service of forestry. He is preaching the gospel of the trees.

Snow-storms delayed the train through the "Royal Gorge," regal indeed. The snow added glory to what is ever glorious, but it made the train four hours late and the students of the University of Nevada deferred their assembly from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. that "the man from Chicago" might have a chance at them, and what a good chance it was,—three or four hundred boys and girls still undebilitated by luxury, with the power of appreciation, the relish for the intellectual life not surfeited. It was a privilege to meet these embryonic state-builders, but the greatest personal joy was in being the guest of Professor and Mrs. Boardman,—the former now professor of Civil Engineering in the University; the latter the "Elsa Leonard" of All Souls Church,—the daughter of Ellen T. Leonard of blessed memory, the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, long the right hand of the forces that made All Souls Church, UNITY and the Western Unitarian Headquarters a power. She was for many years the devoted editor of the Home Department of UNITY. Three bright, blessed little children who came in time to remember "grandma" are growing up in the presence of the great mountains which but poorly symbolize the more majestic highlands of the spirit of which dear Ellen Leonard was ever a climber.

The objective point and the precipitating cause of this tour "to the Coast" was the Leland Stanford Uni-

versity, where I preached on Sunday morning, the 8th, to the student audience, and on the Saturday morning following delivered the "Founder's Day" address before the same University constituency; but Dean Wilbur of the Pacific Unitarian School at Berkeley made good use of the *cart blanche* offered him upon which to write down engagements for the man from Chicago. During the thirteen days he put in some twenty-three sermons, lectures, speeches and what not, with a few dinners, receptions, etc., thrown in, all in San Francisco and around the Bay; at San Jose, Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda and Kentfield. There was a touch with the first Unitarian Church in San Francisco, hallowed the memory of Horatio Stebbins. There was a chance to greet and to lend a hand to W. D. Simonds, the old Wisconsin co-worker, in his growing work at Oakland; there were unmeasured opportunities of getting acquainted with the new school of the ministry which challenges the energies of the brave young Mr. Wilbur. There was the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the bright young men, the possible ministers of the later files; Lathrop, at Berkeley; Snow, at Palo Alto; Reed, at Alameda; Smoot, of the Second Church of San Francisco. Curzan of San Jose took advantage of my presence and hied away over the mountains to do a stroke of missionary work in some far-away Eureka. Then there was time for some quiet talks and restful sleep time with the comrade of old days, the companion traveler up Snowden and to far away St. Davids across the seas, the fellow soldier in the old campaigning days of the "Western issue," the sweet singer of the liberal Israel, F. L. Hosmer. No task could be more congenial, no worker more fitting, and no work more freighted with helpfulness than that in which Friend Hosmer is just now engaged. He was busy putting on the finishing touches to a course of ten Lectures on Hymnology, which in April and May he is to deliver at Harvard University. It will be a pity if these lectures are not heard not only in many theological schools of the land, but in many churches where the problem of combining devout feeling with free thought is being heroically faced and persistently studied. But the heart of the rest-time I found in the deep redwood canyon, the ever peaceful depths of the Muir Woods. That day on which I rested from many strenuous weeks reached from the top of Tamalpais down into the presence of those ever enduring trees, the girth and height of which, as well as the age, defy the appreciative power of the untutored imagination, and this long day was mine with our good Unity friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, for guides and hosts. Through their foresight and intelligent generosity these splendid trees have been saved from vandal hands and dedicated to coming generations by securing for the same the perpetual guardianship of the National Government.

Among the delightful incidents of the itinerary was an opportunity to talk to the students of Berkeley and to visit their matchless campus with its "golden gate" prospects haloed by the memory of E. R. Sill and Professor Le Conte; also, to talk to the Congregational ministers of Berkeley and around the Bay at their Monday meeting; to be "quizzed" by the students of the Theological school; to tell something of the story and work of the Abraham Lincoln Centre to the women of the Berkeley Church; to talk to the Browning Club of San Francisco in their interestingly furnished "Browning Room" in the Century Club Building; and to shake hands with innumerable old friends and former co-workers. On Friday evening, the 20th, I left San Francisco on the "Coast Line" and woke up in the vicinity of the "City of the Angels," and began the Southern campaign arranged by Bert S. D. Howard of the Unity Church of Los Angeles. I preached for him Sunday morning; lectured in San Diego Monday night; saw the "Coronado Beach," looked towards "Point Loma," the picturesque gateway of the Celestial seekers, the Theosophists under the lead of Mrs. Tingley, but did not have the time to visit them. Yesterday I was shaking hands with old friends in Pasadena. To-day I have caught this first chance at a stenographer's hands and am writing this word to my UNITY friends. To-night I lecture here and to-morrow I am off to the northward. More anon.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 25, 1908.

Good-Bye

I love the early meaning of the phrase—
  It takes all sting of sadness from the word,
  Leaving it blithe as carol of a bird
When golden twilight shut the summer days.
Not "lost," not "severed"—nay, not these the rays,
  Like dying planet's, when the parting's heard;
  But "Good be with ye!"—while the heavens are stirred
To rosy tints as when a mother prays.

O love! my love! I bid you not farewell!
  O friend departing, still we are akin
    O parent, on my face your kiss I feel!
The night descends, but like a silver bell
  Sounding the far eternal depths within,
    Your sweet "Good-bye" I know presages weal.

—JAMES H. WEST.

"O April, With Your Bannered Hosts"

O April, with your bannered hosts,
  Your green procession through the rain,
When will you rout the Winter's ghosts,
  And cleanse my heart again?

How long before your first call rings
  Across the silence of the year?
How long before the bluebird sings,
  To hush mine ancient fear?

I, in my prison-house of Grief,
  Bowed 'neath the tyranny of Pain,
Sigh for a glimpse of Spring's first leaf,
  Weep for your smile again.

O April, with your bannered hosts,
  Your lyric laughter through the rain,
Come back to drive forth Memory's ghosts,
  And cleanse my heart again!

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER IV.

"TRUTHS FOR TO-DAY."

In the midst of the skirmish with Dr. Patton, and the accompanying flurry, there appeared a volume of sermons by Prof. Swing, under the title of "Truths for To-day." It was the first book from his pen, except a few sermons in pamphlet form, and one which revealed the spirit and aim of his entire ministry, no less than the grace and charm of his literary art. Very reluctantly, and not without some urging on the part of his friends, Swing let the book go forth at all. To his native modesty was added his view of the office of the sermon—that it was manna for a day, a message for the passing hour; a view betrayed in the title of the book. He had no love of debate, and he knew that the ideas of the book would be as red rags to the suspicious zealots who were watching his words for hints of heresy. Nevertheless, the book made its advent early in 1874.

The volume consisted of fifteen sermons spoken during the previous winter, not as a set series, but at various and sundry times in the regular course of his labors. They touched upon topics uppermost in the mind of the age, and had to do with the very meaning of religion, faith in God and in the eternal life, the laws of human brotherhood, the memories of good men, saints and heroes in church and nation, and the immutable duty of doing right. To say that they were thoughtful sermons, scholarly, winning, inspiring, would be to fall below what even a judicial critic might admit. No one could read them without recognizing their catholicity of spirit, their gracious aim, their fertility of matter, and their helpfulness to minds caught in the whirling eddies of the age. They were addressed, primarily, to a multitude of vexed but essentially believing men who were torn between the new knowledge and the old faith. To this end they were logical without any show of argument, scholarly but not pedantic, positive but not dogmatic, liberal but not radical, and poetical without any sacrifice of directness. Reason was respected and appealed to all through, but the language of the appeal came up all fragrant with the heart. And this, perhaps—this union of common sense and spiritual beauty—was the secret of their power and charm.

Coming when the rumor of a heresy trial was rife, the book was eagerly read and passed through many editions. It opened the eyes of men to the fact that a teacher had appeared whose genius united rare spiritual tenderness with great intellectual force, poetic grace with logical power, and broad Christian sympathy with solid sense and holy motive. The reviews were many, ranging from that of Beecher in *The Christian Union,* who hailed the book as a literary and a religious event, to certain of the church papers who had this to object to and that to find fault with. It was said, for example, that his scholarship, like Emerson's, was of the scrap-book variety; that he was a facile essayist who knew nothing of theology; that he lacked the one thing essential to greatness—divine fire; that his catholicity was but a thinly veiled evasion of debated dogmas. By far the most striking account of the book appeared, anonymously, in *The North American Review,* which, while warmly appreciative, was so keenly searching that some of its sayings should be preserved.

"It certainly involves a change of atmosphere to pass from the Westminster Assembly's Catechism to sermons such as these. But it is chiefly the *atmosphere* which is new. The fundamental state of mind upon which he lays his new knowledge is Calvinistic. He is not a Unitarian. His case is another sign that the passionate rebellion of the last generation against orthodoxy is now giving way to mild and gradual transition within orthodoxy. Theology is not his forte, but he is far from being guilty of that popular flippancy of which H. W. Beecher is a spokesman. But his feeling is more transparent and persuasive than his thought is convincing and clear. His main strength is in his sympathy. He belongs to that admirable class of religious teachers who, separated from the Episcopal broad churchmen by ecclesiastical polity and from the Free Religionists by a healthy old-fashioned theological spirit, are really the common friends of people in every state of mind. This is a rare character to maintain, and peculiar faults easily beset it. . . . His danger lay in the excess of 'the homiletical mood,' which, instead of coming at once to the point of religion, is fond of coming religiously to every point. Yet he uses the mood with that happy effect which is peculiar to a spontaneous and naturally eloquent utterance of religious sentiment. These sermons were aimed to attract a large class of doubters, and the influence of his hearers may have helped to lead one so susceptible as the author was to lay his preaching open to the charge of being 'too exclusively human.' But this trait may have rendered him exceptionally engaging to his hearers, for an audience of that kind, however well informed, is apt to be in the theological state of a clever witness at the trial, who, when asked about the Calvinism of the accused, asked, 'Will any gentleman name the five points to me?' . . . Common sense is his favorite line. He has not such remarkable religious fervor as Beecher, nor such winning pathos as Collyer, but common sense rules him as it does not rule them. It is his saviour. But even common sense can be spread out too thin, especially when one lies under the professional obligation of preaching every Sunday. In the sermon on Charles Sumner, the recollection of Sumner's style was a temptation which the preacher did not sufficiently resist. The sermon on St. Paul is an example of both the strength and weakness to which I have pointed, while that on St. John shows him at his best in matter and style. His imagination finds here a congenial and legitimate place. His poetic temper lends a charm to the whole volume; but while he is happy in finding expression in natural eloquence,, it still needs restraint here and there. The celestial mechanics appear in occasional purple patches."

The real attraction of the book was that it had a man in it. Gracious, serene, tolerant, sympathetic, he met one at every turn of the page. Something of the soul of the preacher, his life-secret, his contagiousness of faith, his optimism, got into the book, and this it was that won men. The comparative worth of individual sermons varied, but from first to last the attitude was the same, the outlook upon life the same, the conception of God and man, of the world and nature, always the same. This attitude, the result less of philosophical thought than of native bent of mind, gave the book a unity. Analysis of a thing so elusive cannot take the form of precision, but serenity, I think, was the chief spell. A certain benignity and calmness pervaded the book, as of one who had mastered by anticipation the problems which were shaking the minds of reflecting men. It was not a theory, but an attitude of confidence, the fruit of a fortunate capacity for reconciliation with the order of the world, with never a touch of "that mysterious gloom of the spirit which beats against the bars of life and is mad with impatience for the solution of its mysteries." Where others saw only a hard, pitiless Fate, to Swing it was given to see Eternal Love and Reason sweetly and sanely disposing all things; a Reason transcending man, indeed, but by immensity, not by contradiction. This serenity rested upon a union of various qualities, and was the result of all the rest.

Another quality of these sermons was their nobly catholic temper. The preacher appeared to have neither part nor lot in the theological strife. He had an unshaken faith in the truth, and in the certainty of its triumph, but he was not a believer in his own in-

fallibility, or in the infallibility of any one else. He came forth as a dweller of a larger world, as one who moved familiarly in many fields of thought, as one to whom the contentions of the hour were incredibly trifling. The "truths for to-day" were none other than our common Christian faith—which was not new and grows not old—whereon all systems are but the embroideries of human imaginings and speculatings. These truths he taught with every art he knew in an era which Tennyson, in "Despair," called "the new dark ages." His style, while neither luscious nor cloying, was replete with all manner of felicitous linkings of figure and idea, and always inimitable in that it was his own. Being so like the man, it could not be odd or affected, but moved by steps visible to all, and it must be counted among the charms of the book.

It was in accord with the fitness of things that the first sermon in the volume should be a plea for a wider charity in religion, under the title "Toleration of Religious Opinion." This sermon was the key-note of his life, and advocated a unity of spirit in the search for truth. Abstract dogmas are, in the nature of things, insoluble, and not worth a breach of fellowship. Modesty, no less than charity, should make us tolerant, for truth is so great that all men are one in their littleness. A subtle, unconfessed scepticism lurks at the heart of bigotry. Intolerance has always been inversely to the value of the doctrine, the most insolence gathering around the least useful idea. Linked thus with the petty and useless, intolerance has the visible curse of God upon it. Truth is so self-evident that it needs no thumb-screw or fagot to make the lips whisper assent; only doubtful ideas need external influence to brace up the logical faculty. Revelation does not secure unity of belief, and so the necessity of tolerance remains. There should be diversity without sorrow or surprise, a variety as of wild flowers, with a charity as omnipresent as the mysteries and shadows of human life. If the heretic is to be reclaimed, it must be by friendship. The vocabulary of abuse should be banished from the pulpit, so that Thomas Paine, were he now living, might enjoy the undreamed of pleasure of hearing his arguments refuted by men of reason, rather than by the hisses of an age full, equally, of vanity and revenge. History shows that intolerance is misplaced. Tenets for which men were burned alive were too feeble to outlive the fire which destroyed the heretic. Heretic and fire and idea are all gone together. Let us open the list of the humanities and insert in it that "religion whose love surpasses all measurement, and whose tears for man fall like dew from the Manger to the Cross."

Such was the trend of the sermon; and such was the spirit of the preacher, in whom love of truth had dwarfed all other passions, as the shrubs die when the oak overshadows them. He had principles, but no envy, no partisanism, no malice, no prejudice. Knowing how truth comes to be—that it owns as its oracle not the solitary mind, nor the separate faction, but the experience of humanity—it was not difficult for him to keep an open mind and a kind heart toward his fellow-workers. He was sometimes grieved—as when Renan, in his "London Lectures," took Christianity upon his knee, as it were a little girl, and said in his suave and bland way, that it was a "beautiful Galilean vision" and nothing more. So also at the rude iconoclasm of Bradlaugh, as if one should strike a harm with a hammer. A test of his tolerance may be seen in the sermon on the death of David Strauss—Strauss, the agnostic of his age, in whose dreamy mind historic Christianity turned to allegory, myth and symbol; to whom Christ was an Eaon, a ghost of prophecy, a glittering abstraction. The passing of Strauss suggested his theme, "The Great Debate," which in some form has followed the footsteps of faith from Socrates to Emerson. History knows of no period when that debate stood adjourned. Man has been quarrelsome along all paths—in science, politics and philosophy, as in theology; for there can be no fixed conclusions, and hence no end of debate, in realms where the evidence is not mathematical, but only approximative. There is an element of uncertainty in faith, else it were knowledge and not faith. Still, there is need of "Positiveness in Religion," or men will conclude that nothing is certain but uncertainty. The critical mood is useful and cleansing, but it passes easily into reckless iconoclasm, emptying the heart of faith and leaving a moral vacuum. Scepticism is uncertain of its data. Therefore let "us clasp to our hearts the grand thing we possess, and, Christ-like, live not to destroy, but to fulfill." Amid much that is open to debate, veiled in clouds and darkness, one corner of the sky is clear. Turning thither, we may always see the moral law and its duties, and the serene unharmed Christ in the midst of the doctors.

Midway between an unreasoning credulity and an unbelieving rationalism, equally wingless and alien to the sky, there is a path of "Reasonable Orthodoxy," in which a man of faith may walk reverently and circumspectly. Assuming that Christianity is divine, that fact imposes upon it the obligation of being reasonable; "for we dare not deduce a religion of nonsense from a Being of perfect intelligence." We must abjure that contempt for reason, that mania for the incredible, which men mistake for faith. In Christianity, as in life,

> "There will be mysteries, but also there will evidently be a great amount of common sense. There is, perhaps, nothing which so retards evangelical Christianity as the common habit of its pulpit and pew to cry mystery more than is really necessary, and to blind the eyes of reason, as though in confessing reason they were denying the supernatural, and were opening the floodgates of rationalism. It is not rationalism that the world asks for. The human soul the world over loves the mysterious, and bows in humility before the throne of the Invisible. No! Mankind does not ask for a pure rationalism, that shall reduce all life to chemical action and heaven to a dream. Mankind will never object to what is sublimely above reason; but what man will never tolerate is that his reason should be contradicted and torn to atoms in his sight. The human mind knows the difference between a mystery and an absurdity."

"Christianity and Dogma," one of the most remarkable sermons in the volume, was an appeal from speculation to experience. But the experience by which faith is to be tried is no mystical ecstasy, no emotional frenzy, but that every-day account which life gives of itself; life being the test of truth, as serviceableness is of any instrument. Swing divided religious truths into two classes—those that cannot be reached by the wit of man, and those that can. Of the former class were such strict mysteries as the Trinity, where the premises are not given and the conclusions are not capable of exact statement. To the latter class belonged the vital truths of faith, God, Duty, the Divinity of Christ, and the Hope of Immortal Life. The dogmas of the former class were thus excluded from the category of essentials, and stood as facts, or alleged facts, and not among the laws of life and salvation. Speculative theology was thus put aside in favor of the truths which are "holier in usefulness," and which are not only facts but laws and principles verifiable in life. He sincerely regarded speculative divinity as a dark and tangled path, wherein if a man walk he comes out just where he went in, and no

whit the wiser. As has been said, this was at once a strength and a weakness of his entire ministry. Rich gifts in one direction are seldom found without limitations in other directions. To each his gifts, and to each his exceeding great reward.

After a perfect theology, however hopelessly, man is forever doomed to aspire. Not as a mere gymnastic for our wits are we thus driven to woo the sphinx; the desire to inquire has its roots in the sense that the unknown is none the less the actual, and that our fortunes lie at the mercy of its hidden play. That our theories chase each other like phantoms proves only the infinite scope and variety of the problems. The mysteries are still there, and we desire to look into the shadows, and rightly so, if only we look with faith in our hearts, and not with definitions on our lips. Even a pragmatist like Schiller saw that, "the stream of Truth which waters the fertile fields of Conduch, has its sources in the remote and lonely uplands *inter apices philosophae,* where the cloud capped crags and slowly grinding glaciers of metaphysics soar into an air chill and rare." The depths of faith, as every thinker knows, are not sounded by any mere analysis of moral motive, or "The Variations of Moral Motive," about which Swing wrote so engagingly. But he was right in his position that the pulpit is not the place to conduct the polar expeditions of philosophy.

That the religion of Christ is an outgoing, overflowing, democratic culture, was the thought of a notable sermon on "Christianity as a Civilization." To Swing our religion was divine, not because it is an ideal philosophy which it were blasphemy to assail, but because it is a Nile overflowing its banks in June, and making the whole empire of society to pass from a desert to a garden. Even in its perversions it puts to shame all other gospels whatsoever. Thus:

> "It is not Comte or Tyndall who must plead with the begrimed miners of England; it is Moody and Sankey. Hence upon these last names must gather all the associations of the ragged clothes, the superstition and fanaticism of the crowd. From Gibbon to Huxley rationalism has never stirred up the untaught multitude, but has enjoyed the better association of the porch of philosophy and shelves of walnut in the library. The rational methods have received greetings in the temples of learning and art, and we behold the whiteness of their vesture, and their calmness of face, and on the other side we see the Christian idea with its forehead marked with care and brown in the sun; but we forgive its marred beauty, for we know in what wide fields of time and eternity she has toiled since Bethlehem, and upon us bursts the vision of One 'whose visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.' So far as rationalistic reforms have escaped the historic association of fanaticism and bloody persecution, so far as they have burned no Servetus and banished no Quakers, the desirable results must be attributed in part to the fact that they are a theory more than a life; the opposite of Christianity, for the moment it learns of its Master and its Heaven, it rushes forth and permits the beggar to associate his rags with this Jesus, the Methodist to pierce the sky with his shouts, the temperance woman to kneel in the streets, and the African slave to sing rude hymns all night long in a strange ecstasy around this Cross. Christ has stood so near to the people that they have wreathed His Cross with their infirmities at the very hour when they crowded around it to find their salvation. It is not ideas alone that transform the world, but ideas with the inspiration in them, crowding them from dream into life."

This, greatly said, is the final answeer to that debonair rationalism which, clad in

> "Red morocco's gilded gleam
> And vellum rich as country cream,"

looks down with a condescending smile of smug satisfaction, and aristocratic vanity, upon Christianity toiling in the brown fields where men live, and pray, and die, or under the grey smoke-cloud of the city where

> "Life treads on life, heart on heart."

As in "Salvation and Morality," so here, in the sermon on Faith, Swing argues that redemption is by righteousness, and that faith saves only in so far as it helps men to righteousness. Christianity is a great friendship. Christ abolished the Divinity of Distance and made fellowship the way of the blessed life. But the faith that saves is not a mere assent to a list of dogmas, nor yet a form of equivalents or compensation, but a force of life, an impulse of the soul; at once a vision and an attachment to a Being. *"It is God in a law,"* a natural, elemental power, the secret of secular enterprise and Christian expectation. Unbelief damns society, or the individual, not by arbitrary fiat, but by arresting the flow of the best life. Faith saves us, indeed, but by perpetually elaborating a new order of manhood and of society. Running through the book was a desire to show that religion is natural, reasonable, and verifiable. So, in the sermon on "Righteousness," he says that the Bible did not create religion, but that religion and righteousness created the Bible. Christianity did not come by divine fiat, but grew up out of the deep need and nature of man, as the hidden music of the old fabulous statue became vocal each morning when the sun smote it. Even so, Christ only awakened to its noblest strains a music whose origin was far back of Bethlehem and the Cross. Here the question was no longer of the inspiration of a book, but of the inspiration of the human soul, which dictates all books. Other sermons we shall find keyed to this note, such as "Man the Inspired," and "The Inspiration of Greatness."

Swing felt that his age lacked spiritual tenderness—pathos. Science was passionless, decrying emotion as an evil mentor which leads man away from truth or beyond it. Against this Puritan science Swing protested in a sermon on "Emotion and Evidence," in which the value of sentiment in the search for truth was set forth with rare delicacy and insight. One can be indifferent while dealing with salts and acids, but not in the study of faiths and hopes. Religion strikes a great, sweet, almighty note in human life, as deep as the home and the family, as deep as infancy and old age, as deep as love and death, and he who studies it must bring a human heart with him to the grand investigation. The fact that the feelings carry men beyond truth, he argued, only shows the almost divine power of the feelings. Thus:

> "If there be an attribute of the soul which can make a shadow seem a substance, that is what we all need to guard a substance from becoming a shadow. Art is life seen through the prism of emotion, but its beauty fades in the cold air of logic. It is possible that the poverty of evidence, confessed to exist as to spiritual truths, comes from the fact that we destroy the evidence by destroying the light in which it is made visible. In order for truth to rise up and repeat to us all its evidence, it is essential that it stand forth in the world of our sympathy. The indifference of what we call reason will not do. Truth will not hang her pictures in such a cold, feeble light. . . . Not only must the books of the theologians be read for, and the books of the sceptics be read against, the doctrines of faith, but the genius of earth, its little children, its joys, its laughter, its cradle, its marriage altar, its deep love crushed often in its budding, its final white hair, its mighty sorrow embracing all at last from its Christ to its humblest child, in its black mantle, must be confessed in its inmost heart; then, when to such a mind the common arguments of religion are only whispered, the sanctuary of God will seem to be founded in eternity."

This passage, in its melodious pathos, recalls the sentence of Thackeray: "It seems to me like the sound of country bells, provoking I do not know what vein of music and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly

on the ear." The sermon was the meditation of a man who had followed the footsteps of men, women and little children to their sanctuary, and found in their voices and rapt, upturned faces, a feeling within that shaped and adorned and redoubled the evidences of religion.

Such a review as this cannot do more than reflect the ruling ideas, and, if it may be, something of the elusive spirit of this noble book. I have dwelt upon it to show the trend of Swing's thought and the grace of his style in the early years of his fame, and also because it was the basis of the charges of heresy against him. They were truly great sermons, judged by any test, and they belong on the shelves of the best pulpit literature. Many of the ideas of the book he left behind as his mind moved on, and all of its homiletical method, for his sermons assumed more and more the essay form; but from its spirit and its ruling ideas he never departed. I venture to reproduce a passage from the sermon on "St. John," in which he anticipated the literary interpretation of the Bible, as he did so many other things, in vogue of recent years.

"As Dante by his own peculiar genius and limitations could not treat of Italy, her religion, her pleasures, her sins, her heaven and hell, except in the exalted form of a poem, rolling like alternate music and thunder, so John by his very education and nature could not walk with his Savior, except upon the borders of cloud, and could not state the doctrines of Christianity except in the symbols of the Apocalypse. John argued little; he simply gazed. He looked up and saw the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven. There are no prophesies of literal events in the Apocalypse any more than there are in Tasso or in Tennyson. There is though a poetic soul educated in the Greek school, that school which gave mankind the most intense poetry and the deepest thought. Such a soul is seen in every verse of the Apocalypse, smiting upon the facts of Christianity and making them send forth music like a lyre swept by a skillful hand. What Dante was to Italy John was to Christianity, only in John the divine assisted the human. The difference between the Gospel of Matthew and the Apocalypse of John is the difference between a history and a gallery of art—the difference between a simple sound and a symphony. For us to inquire the meaning of the Seven Seals, or to inquire whether Rome be not Babylon, would be for us to seek the 'Deserted Village' of Goldsmith or the 'Beulah Land' of John Bunyan."

Opulence of learning, intellectual alertness, a tender poetic temperament, a cultured imagination, a close acquaintance with the currents of his day, and an enviable gift, not of the Spirit, but "of the Word," were revealed in these sermons. The preacher made no display of his rich resources, but all felt that he was a man of beauty, of deep religiousness; and of true humanity. Turning from the religious writings of the seventies to these sermons, one is lifted above the fret and jar of sects, above the crass materialism of science and the crude literalism of theology, into an atmosphere of entire sanity and serenity. We are in the presence of a faith which both satisfies and comforts, unites inquiry and reverence, trust and reason, urging men toward the higher life.

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. He need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that—they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Livableness of life.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life.

—*David Swing.*

Religious Progress in the Last Two Generations

BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, MARCH 22, 1908.

The movements towards freer and more liberal thought on religious subjects, are becoming more and more visible on all sides. They have extended quite outside the churches, so that the most powerful reformers, like Professor Zueblin, have to plead with their audiences to remind them that *even clergymen* ought to be let into such movements, if they behave themselves. They more and more recall the origin of that Free Religious Association which clearly took precedence in New England upon all such grounds. The older among my audience will well remember how severely it was attacked and put down at first, but that the more it was pressed down, the more it came up again. Voltaire somewhere says that *there is nothing more difficult than to be obscurely hanged.* Emerson, the first great leader of our movement, was at first conspicuously hanged, but never obscurely; and when it came to taking a popular vote in various parts of the country at the founding of the New York Hall of Fame, in 1900, no literary man ranked so high and only half a dozen presidents and chief justices above him. Before speaking further of him, I must, however, go back to the still earlier period when I myself, now one of the oldest of Harvard graduates, was studying at the very birth of what was then called the Transcendental movement at Divinity Hall, sometimes as a theological student, oftener as Resident Graduate. It was a period of seething radicalism inside the school. The Rev. Dr. Palfrey used to say: "One-third of the students are mystics, one-third skeptics, and the rest dyspeptics." This was a year or two before my time, however, so that I escaped being classified.

The swiftness of development as to this freedom has been so marked as to make it hard to go back to its beginning. On looking back among my favorite books at that period, such books as you may now hardly recognize, I find Anthony Collins's "A Discourse of Free Thinking" (London, *1713*); Burgh's "Dignity of Human Nature" (London, *1767*) Canon W. Derham's "Physico-Theology or Demonstration of the Being and Attitudes of God from His Works of Creation, being the substance of sixteen sermons" (*sixth edition,* London, *1723*); and that favorite book of Theodore Parker's, the "Select Discourses" of John Smith, late Fellow of Queen's College in Cambridge, England (published in Edinburgh, *1756*). Far more seductive to me were the books of Jacob Behmen, or Boehme, as it was variously spelt, whose mere title-pages were so fascinating.

All these books I found myself reading, more or less superficially, soon after leaving college, say in 1843, as did my fellow students a year older or more,—Octavius Frothingham, Samuel Longfellow, and his friend Samuel Johnson, these last editing together in those days that book of hymns called by others the "Book of Sams," about which my satirical elder sister made the sarcastic verses, beginning:

"There once were two Sams of Amerique,
Who belonged to the profession called clerique;
They hunted up hymns and cut off their limbs,
These truculent Sams of Amerique"—

which the two Sams followed up with a caricature representing each armed with a huge pair of shears, cutting sheets of printed paper into rolls upon a center table. These were the books, at any rate, which de-

lighted us; and although Emerson had already published his "Nature" in 1841, and Parker his "Discourse of Religion" (which I still think his best book) in 1842, we were not fully made captive by them until a few years after.

Years passed away, and the Free Religious movement, which first gathered in Horticultural Hall in Boston on May 30, 1867, was entitled simply, "A Public Meeting to Consider the Conditions, Wants and Prospects of Free Religion in America." It had been preceded by a conference of some fifty or sixty men and women at a private house in Boston for the consideration of the general question, "How far it might be possible to organize or associate the radical elements in religion in the form of a fellowship independent of the regularly organized sects in Christendom." The public meeting was presided over by Frothingham, as was the case with ten successive annual meetings, he doing more than anyone else to give character to the movement.

No public speaker in our time ever had a more charmingly modulated voice than Frothingham, a more high-bred appearance and bearing on the platform, a more absolute independence of spirit. Nearly half a century has passed and I fear he is gradually being forgotten, as is the case with the other speakers whom we most prized and to whom we listened with the greatest pleasure, such as Weiss and Wasson. A few of the minor speakers who appeared at the early meetings still survive and have therefore the immense advantage that they can tell their own story,—a privilege and also a temptation.

In looking back to the very first public meeting of the Free Religious Association, in 1867, I find these words of my own, regarded at the time as the most radical, and by some quite disapproved:

"Mr. Chairman, my faith in the immortality of truth, and in the spirit of freedom, is as unbounded as in boyhood. My faith in organizations to bring it about, especially in organizations that take the form of churches, and bear the limitations of the Christian name, has faded year by year. If it is necessary that any one should stand here, as some one suggested, to speak for those who do not claim for themselves the Christian name, who have never claimed it for themselves (reverently be it spoken), I desire that in default I may be that one. For, if I have ever seen anything clearly for the last twenty years, it is this, that whatever noble significance may be put upon the word Christian, yet where any body of men accept it as a bond of union, or even where any man singly accepts it as a personal characterization, the body weakens itself, or the individual sacrifices his strength, and thenceforward has to spend half the remainder of his life in proving that he has a right to the name. If we believe that Jesus Christ was the greatest of men, let us say so. If we believe that Jesus was the noblest of our leaders, let us recognize him, as far as we can recognize any leader. But the moment we take his name, or any other human name, as a basis of union, from that moment, it seems to me, even if the integrity of the soul remains, the freedom of expression is gone; and from that time forward, we cease to spend our lives in simply being men, and try to find some equivocation, some knot-hole by which we may creep into manhood, and claim to be technically Christian at the same time."

I have always counted it as a genuine honor that when Emerson spoke immediately after and closed the meeting, he said in beginning: "I have listened with great pleasure to the lessons which we have heard. In many of those last spoken, I have found so much in accord with my own thought, that I have little left to say."

Emerson, as I have said, held the helm of thought at that time; and in turning to him, I confess to still feeling, as the musician Schuman did when he began to talk to his pupils about the young Chopin, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Skim over all the American literature of Emerson's period, and then turn to his first addresses, and you must still recognize that a new era of intellectual freedom was born with him. His Phi Beta Kappa address in Cambridge (*August 31, 1837*), his Divinity Hall address (*July 15, 1838*), and his "Literary Ethics" at Dartmouth College (*July 24, 1838*)—by these the work was done. Even then and for long after he was bitterly attacked, but his leadership was assured.

Heine once said, speaking of his adopted nation, that "all Frenchmen are naturally actors, and the poorest actors go on the stage." With the arrival of Emerson it occurred to us that, while all men are naturally religious, the least genuinely religious were the mere professional theologians.

He said later, in his speech at the first meeting of the Free Religious Association, which I have quoted: "The child, the young student, finds scope in his mathematics and chemistry or natural history, because he finds a truth larger than he is,—finds himself continually instructed. But in churches, every healthy and thoughtful mind finds itself in something less; it is checked, cribbed, confined." Nothing said in the whole debate was on the whole so trenchant and unmistakable as this.

The Rev. Richard Cecil said in England, about 1777, that "if one good, upright man should deny Christianity, he would do the faith of England more harm than all the sneers of Voltaire or all the sentimentalism of Rousseau." In the sense in which Cecil used the words Emerson was that man. But these words of Cecil were spoken more than a century ago, at a time of sectarian narrowness which it is now hard to recall; and the very terms "faith" and "Christianity" are now habitually used in a far wider sense. To Mr. Cecil, Emerson would have seemed anti-Christian; but now a chorus of those who call themselves Christians speak his praise.

Attempts have always been made to disparage Emerson on the ground that he was not, even in reform, a system-maker, but was fragmentary. This trait seems to me, more and more, to have been one of his highest titles to immortality. System-makers are short-lived; each makes his single contribution, and the world passes on. They are finger-posts in history, but the man who dares to be himself is not the finger-post but the runner. Few now read Aristotle, but Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Antoninus, yield us new translations and editions every year. We have them for manuals and give them to our children to read. What the system of each may be is quite secondary; each offers us a series of thoughts, detached or otherwise, and each of these thoughts may turn out great enough to mould a life. Such are the thoughts we get from Emerson. We may say of his works what Renan said so finely of Marcus Antoninus, "His works will never grow antiquated, because they offer no dogma."

Be this as it may, the highest safety lies, I urged—remember that this was forty years ago—in a truly free and comprehensive life. "If we join all the churches that do good to anybody," I said at the second meeting of the association, and can only repeat

today, "we shall have time for nothing. As we cannot join them all, what can we do? Join that which is common to them all and sustains them all. The true Church is but a poorer name for humanity; let us join that; be all brothers in that. Finding the true basis of unity to lie in absolute religion, in love to God, and love to men, why not take simply that religion, and live by it, and let the machinery go? That makes men strong; and we who are radicals are strongest by doing our appointed work as such and leaving the sects to do theirs."

"When those who find themselves honestly radicals become mere denominationalists," I added—and this is my closing word today—"then those who were appointed by God for the pioneers of religion are shrinking from their work and lazily lingering with the main body. *If God and nature put you in the advance guard, stay there and do your duty.* The true Church goes across this vast wilderness of the world like a caravan across the desert. The departure of an Arabian caravan, we are told, is the great event of the region, and a thousand persons join it from a thousand different motives. The rich bring their wealth for safety; the poor come to it with their poverty and their prayers. All are needed. Each counts one, and each must find his place in the organization, if he would be safely guarded.

"But who keeps it safe? Who conducts that caravan across the desert? Who are its guards and its guides? Who but the wild Bedouin Arabs, whom it fears, while it must still trust to them? They guide the caravan. Their wild wanderings have taught them where safety lies; they know the oases where you may rest, and the dangerous passes where you must hasten. The Bedouins of the desert, the most constant and desperate of enemies, become instantly the most faithful friends when you once confide in them.

"The radicals who are represented here are the Bedouin Arabs of the Church. They guide it; they also guard it. Without them it does not know its way. They must go first and tread that dangerous pathway of progress before the time when great church organizations shall follow, and doctors of divinity shall stand where only these wild pioneers went first. We are armed with perilous opinions, are we? Well, the Bedouins carry spears. The swift thrust of truth is to the radical what that of the spear is to the Arab. It does its work. God has created him for that purpose. When God sends some souls into this world he apparently stamps upon them the necessity of being radical or worthless. As long as they look forward they are safe; when they look backward they are doomed. While the Bedouins trust themselves to his sunshine and his sky, to their own good horses and their own sharp spears, they can be of use to the advance of the main army. *Take us, conservative friends, and use us.* Do not expect to tame us; if you should our special usefulness will be gone. Treat us not as enemies; treat us as friends. We represent the future—the unfinished work. *We walk with bleeding feet, perhaps, where you, safely shod, will come one day.* We, with our necessary contests, are preparing that epoch when men will cease to contend, when the great caravan will find the desert blossoming all around it, and need no guides; and in that good day 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.' "

"You can teach folks to say their prayers, my dear, but nobody can teach 'em to pray. Only life does that."
—*Margaret Deland.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(*Continued from last week.*)

T. T. Woodruff, La Junta, Colo.
Six dollars from two others.

From Cote Des Peres, Beauport, P. Q.—I take pleasure in sending you the amount promised, $5, making in all $10. This is all I can promise for the present, but I will make an effort to send more later. If all goes well in the next few years I may be able to send the total amount of $30. I am going to try hard. I hope every one of us will do our utmost to see that UNITY receives the support it has so richly deserved at all times. Let us all resolve to strengthen the hands of Mr. Jones, who has toiled and suffered that UNITY should continue in existence to send forth its gospel message of the new religion foreshadowed by Emerson. It has been a great comfort and help at all times.

From Genoa Junction, Wis.—I enclose $2 to renew my subscription for UNITY, also my mite toward its continuance. I wish it were a million. I would give it gladly, for oh how great is the need of the light, more light!

From La Junta, Colo.—Enclosed please find my check on First National Bank, Chicago, for $30 for use, if needed, as a part of UNITY endowment fund.

The Organ Music of Lucerne

Within the grand old city of Lucerne
  A fine cathedral, rich and quaint there stands,
Of many saints the resting-place and urn,
  The loved resort of pilgrims from all lands.

'Twas on a quiet evening hour I strolled
  Within its sacred walls to hear the peal
Of organ, whose sweet music might unfold
  The soul's closed portals, and the heart unseal.

The gilded monuments and carvings rare,
  The works of holy art which I beheld,
Could not with holier, better thoughts compare,
  As music through the lofty arches swelled.

The dear old ballads of the heart and home,
  Of native land, and childhood's sweeter hour,
Came floating to the ear at evening's gloam
  With heart subduing, spirit-bracing power.

Then came the great composer's wedding march,
  Its stately chords released with wond'rous skill;
Orchestral tones swept through the vaulted arch
  Free, yet obedient to the Master's will.

I listened to the Alpine thunderstorm,
  That broke upon the mountains from afar;
The tempest signs had gathered multiform,
  The storm-king riding forward in his car.

The shirring winds through shuddering treetops whirled,
  And pelting raindrops beat the rushing stream;
The tumult, fast increasing, shook the world,
  And lightning flashes set the hills agleam.

A moment's silence—then, in solemn crash,
  Broke mighty thunder-claps, with boom on boom;
The swollen white-plumed streams their rockbeds lash,
  The heart's response is mingled joy and gloom.

The storm now waned, less frequent came the sound
  Of thunder-peal reverberating through
The mountain peaks, less roared the winds around,
  Fainter and fainter every storm-song grew.

While in the blessed stillness there arose
  A chant among the mountains, sweet and clear,
As pious nuns sing at the daylight's close
  A heavenly song that brings the angels near.

From gentle strain increased the song in joyous power,
  Until, full chorused, broke the anthem strong.
It filled each heart with rapture for the hour
  Then slowly died away in glorious song.

It trembled into silence; yet awhile
Spellbound and stirred with admiration true,
Prayerful we gazed through choir and arch and aisle,
Then bade the dear old place a last adieu!

O organ-voice! O master-art! O hand
Almost divine, whose touch the soul inspires
With grandest visions of the heavenly land,
Whose music is the speech of angel choirs!

Thine is the Seer's mission, thine the art
This life to sanctify, and fill with love,—
Thou canst the message of all life impart,
And link the joy of earth to that above!

REV. A. JUDSON RICH.

Lucerne, Switzerland.

Facts Regarding "The Leclaire Idea."

Mr. N. O. Nelson's Co-operative Village and Its Plan of Operation Described.

Mr. N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, is the pioneer in profit sharing and business coöperation in America. He is widely known also as a philanthropist and humanitarian. His name is familiar to every student of philanthropy, sociology and labor conditions on either side of the Atlantic. His recent declaration that the union plan and his plan for bettering the conditions of labor are in conflict is therefore of the widest possible importance. It was followed by a decision to employ no more union labor in the Nelson factories. A view of what union labor has sacrificed in this instance is interesting.

Mr. Nelson's company is an extensive manufacturer of plumbing supplies and materials. It has factories at Leclaire, Ill., and Bessemer, Ala., a large office, store and factory in St. Louis and branch stores at various points throughout the West. Altogether it employs about 600 people.

Mr. Nelson began sharing profits with his employees in 1886. At the end of that year, after paying the regular wages, he returned to the men $4,828 in cash. He instituted profit sharing of his own accord. He called the men together one day and told them what he was going to do. They heard little more about it until they were again called together to receive their shares in the first year's profits.

By considerable research I could give the division of profits made from year to year. But the first two and the last two should serve to show the benefits and progress of the plan. The first year, as stated, $4,828 was divided among the employees, the second, $9,700; in 1905 (to employees and customers), $108,778; in 1906, $177,500. Another year, I noted casually, something like $59,000 was distributed. There has never been a profitless year.

In 1890 the Nelson Company secured 125 acres of land adjoining Edwardsville, Ill., and laid it off into town lots. Leclaire is the name given the town. Leclaire was a Frenchman, father of the coöperative idea in France, hence the name. Streets were laid out and paved with cinders, trees were planted, water and light service put in, parks and a lake made, a club house and school house build, base ball grounds provided and other things of this character done. Lots were then offered for sale at from $2 to $3 a front foot and houses are built on small monthly payments. Realty prices have now advanced to from $4 to $8 a front foot. No premium is required, as by some home building and loan associations. The company does not require its employees to have lots paid for before a house is built. It does not require a dollar from them other than the first month's payment.

And the amount of that payment is arrived at in this manner: The size of the employee's salary, the size of his family and the size (cost) of his house and lot are put in a column and added up. From this is subtracted a large sum of human wisdom, kindliness and common sense. The result tells how much the purchaser is to pay each month. If his income grows as the years go by and his expenses remain about the same, he is allowed to pay more than was originally agreed upon, or he may pay the entire amount at any time; if his expenses increase and his income does not, he may pay less. In other words, ability to pay governs.

I asked Mr. Nelson, "What do you consider the most remarkable single fact about Leclaire?" He studied for moment, then said, slowly: "I think it is that without exception, so far as I can recall, no employee who has purchased a home there ever had enough money saved to make more than the first payment." Is there not, in that fact alone, sufficient justification of Mr. Nelson's practice of paying his profits to the employees in an interest bearing stock instead of cash? Incidentally—while on the subject of savings—a notice posted in the Nelson factories invites any employee to open a savings account at the office, depositing $1 or more. Six per cent on average balances is offered, and such accounts may be withdrawn at any time. In St. Louis the interest rate on savings is 3 per cent, with the usual requirements and restrictions about the amounts of deposits and notifications previous to withdrawal.

Leclaire has no municipal government. It is not incorporated. It is not a village, although I have called it that because others do. It is simply a community. If its residents ever desire to incorporate they may do so. It has a school whose teacher is paid out of a public benefits fund set aside by the company. Formerly the school was maintained by Mr. Nelson individually. Twenty-one children are enrolled now, the youngest 4, the eldest about 8. It is a kindergarten for children who, because of youth or backwardness, cannot attend the public schools. Attendance is voluntary and tuition free.

A "philanthropy fund" is maintained by the company as one of its regular accounts. It is a part of the coöperative plan and a certain per cent of the profits—not the wages—is set aside each year to that account. Formerly Mr. Nelson made all contributions of this character out of his personal funds. Since he has quit taking either profits, dividends or interest such disbursements are charged to the general expense account. If it is "more blessed to give than to receive" who shall say that the Nelson employees do not profit by this practical lesson in giving—even if the giving is from funds which, under ordinary conditions of business, they would never receive? Just what the charities and philanthropies of Mr. Nelson and his company are cannot be specified here. To describe one alone—the consumptives' camp at Indio, Cal.—would require as much space as has already been devoted to this subject. Others are well known to every newspaper reader.

Trying

It is better to try
And, retreating, fail
Than to meet with the foe and run.
It is better to cry,
For the moonbeams high,
Than to sulk in a cave from the sun.

It is better to be
In a world of wrong,
And upholding the true and the right,
Than alone and free
On a boundless sea
That resists not the arm of our might.

It is better to fall
In the quest and the trail
Of the phantom we know as "Success"
Than to sleep when the call
Of the soul finds us all
In the coils of a foe that can press.

It is better to cling
With our trust in the just
And be left on the field and unnamed
Than to hide in the wing
Of a black guilty thing,
And a part of a world that is famed.

—*Alfred Thomas, in Minneapolis Daily News.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Union Square Bomb.

The storm center of anarchist agitation is transferred for the moment from Chicago to New York. On Saturday afternoon attempts were being made to hold outdoor mass meetings in Union Square in the interest of public employment for the unemployed. Robert Hunter and other men of education were among the leaders. A permit not having been obtained the police were out in force and with some difficulty and considerable rough clubbing and trampling with horses' hoofs succeeded in clearing the square completely. One or two ineffectual attempts were made by Mr. Hunter and others to address the crowds in the side streets. The police were about leaving when a man who had slipped past the lines and was near the central fountain attempted to throw a bomb, which exploded in his hand, killing instantly a bystander and fearfully maiming himself. The man was a Russian Jew. While the facts are being sifted Mr. Hunter and his associates among the radical socialists will come in for considerable criticism. It is exceedingly doubtful if any genuine service is performed by Americans who deliberately educate foreigners to a keener sense of their social wrongs and incite them to mass meetings and "uprisings" of protest, when definite, rational remedies cannot readily be proposed. Certainly, in view of the penchant of such foreigners for bomb-throwing, and social education which is given to them should include a thorough course on the sacredness of human life and the futility of attempting to remedy social wrongs by acts of violence.

State Laws Made Void.

The decision of the Supreme Court declaring the railway rate laws in Minnesota and North Carolina to be discordant with the Constitution is another step in the direction we are rapidly taking towards concentrating all such power in the hands of the federal government. It is evident that state lines are to cut less and less of a figure in railway matters. On the whole, the tendency seems a natural and right one, and the interpretation of the Constitution, like that of other scriptures, is being guided by the exigencies of the situation.

Chicago Water Scandals.

Exposures of enormous graft have been made by the new superintendent of the Chicago Water Bureau. The indications are that a ring of employees have been systematically plundering the city for ten years or more, chiefly through tampering with meters. The losses to the city run up into the millions. A bill for over $27,000 has been presented to the successors of the old Union Traction Company, which is one of the corporations that have profited by the corruption. This represents what they have underpaid for the past five years, which is all that can be collected. Numerous discharges of employees have followed, and a thorough investigation is to be made by the Civil Service Board. The animus of the conspirators is indicated by the fact that threats of personal violence have been made against men who are in a position to make these exposures.

Southern Railroads Back Down.

A few weeks ago the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and the Atlantic Coast Line asked for federal mediation in regard to a proposed reduction of wages which they declared to be necessary. The President expressed himself emphatically in regard to the matter, and the railroads have since completely surrendered and acknowledged that their position was not well taken. It is another triumph to be credited to Mr. Roosevelt.

English Liberal Setback.

The sharply contested by-election for the district of Peckham in London has resulted in a crushing defeat for the government. The wrath of associated brewing interests had a hand in it, and other recent unpopular policies of the Liberal cabinet contributed to the result. It is regarded as portending an approaching collapse of the present ministry.

The Berlin Ambassadorship.

A sensational report went out last week to the effect that Dr. David J. Hill, the appointee to succeed Charlemagne Tower at Berlin, had been declared *persona non grata* to the Kaiser. The report has been made the theme of much conjecture and gossip, but the facts are not yet available. Mr. and Mrs. Tower have spent money lavishly in Berlin, and the Kaiser is known to be warmly attached to them.

The Elkins-Abruzzi Match.

The engagement between the daughter of Senator Elkins and the Duke of Abruzzi is regarded with much greater favor than most international marriages, partly because it seems to be a genuine love match. The Duke is not a mere title, but a leading and much admired figure among Italians, and his deeds as an explorer have awakened the enthusiasm of the world. Miss Elkins will take her place beside Lady Curzon among American girls who have gone to fill a really high place in the best life of the old world.

Illinois Republicans.

The Republican convention at Springfield was a cut-and-dried affair. The endorsement of Speaker Cannon as a presidential candidate is well known to be purely perfunctory. The praise for Senator Hopkins was a disgrace to the convention. The complacent allusion to the condition of the state institutions was simply amusing. The tariff plank, made in Washington, was of the old-fashioned kind, intimating that the time had now come for the Republican party, in which all wisdom resides, to make such revisions as should bring the Dingley tariff into harmony with the conditions of prosperity which this same admirable tariff has produced. Indeed, the entire platform is a piece of political hyprocrisy. Save for the use of his name it might have been written before the age of Roosevelt. Illinois Republicanism is still slumbering securely. The only clause in the platform which has a sign of life in it is a harmless sentence in favor of safeguarding personal liberty, which has set the radical temperance people frothing at the mouth.

Another Chicago Franchise Voted.

The ordinance to the Chicago Edison Company, like that to the Telephone Company, was drawn originally from the point of view of the company and not of the city, and by a committee whose majority are known as the tools of big corporations. After some important amendments it passed the council by a vote of 50 to 16. If Mayor Dunne had been in the chair he would have vetoed both these measures, and that would have been the end of them. But our present "business mayor" is made of different stuff, and his signature was a foregone conclusion.

Judge Cleland Attacked.

A sharp discussion has been raging in the papers and on public platforms in which Judge Cleland's famous parole system of dealing mercifully with police court cases has been severely criticised, principally by Judge Gemmill, of the Municipal Court, backed by Chief Justice Olson. Judge Cleland has made a spirited reply. The merits of the case are not wholly clear, but Christian people still believe that Judge Cleland's work, however imperfect in details, has pointed the way for important reforms in dealing with police court cases.

The President's Message.

A short special message to Congress this past week is occupied chiefly with the expected recommendation for a revision of the anti-trust law in the interest of labor organizations and of such traffic agreements among railroads as are approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a bill along these lines is already before Congress the effect of the message had largely been discounted.

Suspending Licenses.

The Health Department of Chicago has made an example of one of the leading undertaking firms of the city by suspending their license for a week, as a penalty for violating one of the rules of the department. The action suggests the query, Why not be equally strict with saloons who violate the 1 o'clock closing ordinance or other features of the law? The policy of permitting a single official to close up a man's place of business without warning because of some petty violation of the rules is itself open to serious question. But if we are to do it at all, let us begin with those who have to do with the living rather than the dead. Let us try it on the holders of liquor licenses.

W. B. T.

April is Here

April is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of the heavens' own hue;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow, dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain as if flung in jest;
There's an arch of color spanning the West;
April is here!

—*Emma C. Dowd, in St. Nicholas.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE ABSINTHE QUESTION IN SWITZERLAND.—The subject of the suppression of absinthe in Swiss territory—that is, the question of the absolute prohibition of its manufacture, as well as sale at retail—continues to occupy public attention, and in the press of Romance Switzerland particularly, is a constantly recurring theme. As early as December last the refusal of the Federal Council to prepare and submit to popular vote a measure in this sense was reported in *Le Signal,* which from the first has been one of the warm advocates of suppression. The Federal Council, while claiming to be as desirous as those demanding the initiative, that abuse of this beverage should cease, refused the demand on the ground that such a law would be an unconstitutional police measure; that a majority of the cantons—as an official investigation had shown—were not directly interested in the question, and that such as were could take action as they saw fit. Reasons which, however amplified and embellished, seemed quite unsatisfactory to those impressed with the insidious nature of the evil they are combatting.

A month later, the same paper returns to the attack in a signed article, "The Family of XXII," which voices the dissatisfaction with the federal attitude in a parable to this effect:

"Once upon a time, in a certain corner of the world, there lived a numerous family comprising no less than twenty-two children. At the head of the family were not only a father and mother, but also four grandparents and an old uncle.

"These seven, parents, grandparents and uncle, were so loved and respected by their twenty-two children, grandchildren or nephews that they all seemed to them like fathers and mothers and indeed were often affectionately called such. They were also called 'the Seven,' and sometimes 'the Council.'

* * * * * * *

"After a time misfortune entered the family in the guise of a green-colored liquor which, put in water, rendered it turbid, while its opaline tints and anised taste exerted a strange influence on all who let it pass their lips.

"At first no one thought much about it. What harm could there be in pouring a few drops of this liquor into a glass of water to drink with one's meal? Alas! the charm worked, and that very speedily. The glasses became more and more numerous, the water, not merely turbid, but fairly muddy with the liquor, finally gave place to the unadulterated article. This, taken in large or small doses, clouded the mind no less than the water, and it was soon noticed that whoever indulged in it went mad. This even became so evident that no decent, intelligent man thought of denying it.

"But some of the XXII, and members of their families, got in the way of drinking the liquor, especially some of those who spoke French, and in the course of a few years some very sad, distressing, horrible facts came to the knowledge of the Seven, at many firesides disease and poverty had taken the place of health and comfort. In one such family, living on the shores of a beautiful lake, the father killed his wife and children; in another an unfortunate amused himself setting fire to his neighbors' barns, some children were born idiots, others epileptic, many died at an early age; adults became crazy, spendthrifts and had to be shut up; the insane asylums were filled to overflowing; the fine, hardy race was degenerating. Who could tell where it would end?

"All about, in the homes of Gve, of Vd, of Nl, of Fg and of Vs, lamentable, atrocious things were happening. Did the Council concern itself with the moral and material ruin that was thus threatening its own children?

"One day it learned that two of its children, Vd and Gve, had forbidden the fatal drink in their homes. Nobody knew what it thought of this, but it was supposed that it would be glad.

"Not long after a good many members of the twenty-two families, frightened by what they had seen in their brothers' homes, and moved by that sentiment of fraternity and solidarity which has always been their glory and their strength, wrote to the Seven, beseeching them to proscribe the poison before its ravages became more extended. 'We can do nothing really effective without the sanction of your authority; your authority is incontestable! We respect, we love, we count on you.' Such was the tenor of their supplication.

"The answer of the Seven was: 'We do not wish to encroach on your liberties! We wish to keep within the bounds of a wise moderation. Besides, it is only a minority of our children that are attacked and threatened with ruin. We do not wish to forbid the whole family the use of this poison.'

"The children who had begun the struggle, Vd and Gve, cried, and are still crying, 'Help us! Our brothers, if not already attacked, are threatened! Ere long the ravages of the green liquor will extend to them! This concerns the future of our family! The lives, the souls of our children, of your children, are at stake! Help us! Sustain our effort, which was an honest one! Solidarity is one of the bases of our family life. Do you not think that you are untrue to it when you refuse us your aid?'

"Nor were these children wrong. Already the evil-minded, the scoffers and the jealous repeat with a mocking smile and a taunting, sceptical air, the beautiful family motto: *Each for all and all for each.*

"But the children who cry have not lost courage, nor will they give up the struggle until the family motto is fully understood, lived up to and restored to honor, nor so long as there is to be found anywhere in the family domain a single one of those bottles on the label of which the cross from their blazon has been prostituted."

We shall hear more of this. M. E. H.

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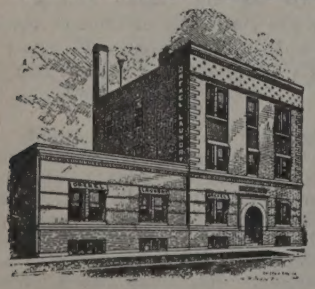

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